

The Historie.

for powder, theils fill a pit as well as better; tush man, mortall men, mortall men.

West. I but sir Iohn, me thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggerly.

Falst. Faith for their pouerty I know not where they had that, and for their barenesse I am sure they neuer leamd that of me.

Prim. No ile be sworne, vnlesse you call three fingers in the ribs, bare, but sir ha make haste, Percy is already in the field. *Exit.*

Fal. What is the king incampt?

West. He is sir Iohn, I feare we shal stay too long.

Fal. Wel, to the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast fits a dul fighter and a kene guest. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Doug. Vernon.

Hot. Weele fight with him to night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You giue him then aduantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so, lookes he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certaine, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good coosen be aduised, stir not to night.

Ver. Do not my Lord.

Doug. You do not counsel wel, You speake it out of feare, and cold hart.

Ver. Do me no slander Douglas, by my life,

And I dare well maintaine it with my life,

If well respected honor bid me on,

I should as little counsell with weake feare,

As you my Lord, or any Scot that this day liues,

Let it be seene to morrow in the battell which of vs feares:

Doug. Yea or to night. *Ver.* Content.

Hot. To night say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much being men of such great leading as you are,

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag backe our expedition, certaine horse

Of my coosen Vernons are not yet come vp,

Your

of Henrie the fourth.

Your Vncle Worcesters horses came but to day,
And now their pride and inettall is a sleepe,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is halfe the halfe of himselfe.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemye
In generall iourney bated and brought low,
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the King exceedeth our,
For Gods sake coosen stay till all come in.

The trumpet sounds a parley. Enter sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hot. Welcome sir Walter Blunt: and would to God
You were of our determination;

Some of vs loue you well, and euen those some

Enuy your great deseruings and good name;

Because you are not of our qualitie,

But stand against vs like an enemye.

Blunt. And God defend but still I should stand so,

So long as out of limit and true rule

You stand against annoiued Maiestie.

But to my charge. The king hath sent to know

The nature of your griefes, and whereupon

You coniure from the breast of ciuill peace

Such bold hostilitie: teaching his dutious land

Audacious crueltie. If that the king

Haue any way your good deserts forgot

Which he confesseth to be manifold,

He bids you name your griefes, and with all speede,

You shall haue your desires with interest

And pardon absolute for your selfe, and these

Herein misled by your suggestion;

Hot. The king is kind, and well we know the king

Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay;

My father, and my vncle, and my selfe,

Did giue him that same royaltie he weares,

And when he was not fixe and twentie strong,

Sicke in the worlds regard; wretched and low

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